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Myself and I

Perchance you think myself and I are one—
That 's your mistake;
My self is grievous sad and ne'er has done
With her own ache.
I have grown tired of her and thrown her off
In righteous wrath.
At every generous impulse she did scoff,
And cross the path
Of higher motives; interposed her form
To hide the world
From conscience that would help it in its storm.
In wrath I hurled
That path-obstructing self away and went
Into the deeps;
There hung'ring with the hungry found content,
So she who weeps
Not for herself but for her fellows finds
The precious peace
And more than priceless human love that binds
'Til time shall cease.
So, do not say that Self and I are one—
It is not so;
Self was the cloud that blotted out the sun
And stained the snow.

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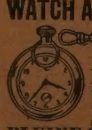

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THE NEW UNITY

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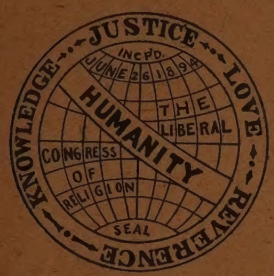

TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future. —*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

How like a flute-note in the dewy air
The wild-bird's merry carol comes and goes!
The East unfurls her colors like a rose
Whose heart is golden with the sun's warm glare.
What wonder that the bird-song is so rare!
What wonder that the brook sings as it flows!
The very earth, fresh from her nights repose,
Is wreathed in smiles at sight of dawn so fair.

O soul, this day is thine to imitate!
Be thou a day clothed in the living light;
Rise to thy task, and, be it small or great,
Shine on it, till thy smile has made it bright;
Smile, smile on all thy duties, and, behold!
Thy life, like day, shall walk in robes of gold."

It is brought out by the advocates of christening our ships without whiskey, that the Constitution, which won so many victories in our early history, was christened with water; and that the Hartford, Farragut's flagship in his terrific and successful battles, was also christened with water. Let those who prophesy disaster to the Kentucky read up on history.

In less exciting times the whole world would be throbbing with sympathy for the grand old man of England, who has endeared himself to every true heart in Christendom. Mr. Gladstone, even on his deathbed, is able to raise his voice for freedom and against oppression. We may hope not only that his life-work shall be perpetual in England, but that his example will breed a higher statesmanship for the future throughout the world.

On the entrance gates to Cornell University, recently erected by Andrew D. White, the creative benefactor of the institution, is inscribed the following:

"So enter, that daily thou mayest become more learned and thoughtful;
So depart, that daily thou mayest become more useful to thy country and to mankind."

These lines are as fitting introduction to temple walls as to college halls. In their highest synthesis the school and the church are one, the preacher and the teacher are identical.

We regret that so much of the editorial time has been spent on the road this last week, and is likely to be so spent during the present and week to come, that we are unable to give as much space and attention to the Liberal Congress meeting at Grand Rapids and the one to be held at Springfield this week as they deserve. Mr. Sprague, who occupied the pulpit of All Souls Church, Chicago, last Sunday, reports the meeting at Grand Rapids a continuous success, the closing session, held in the Jewish temple, being a fitting climax to a harmonious and increasingly profitable week of missionary prophesying.

Contrast the advice by Benjamin Butler, in his address to a law school, in which he said that it was the first duty of a lawyer not to bring out and expose crime, but to cover it, if possible, in the interest of his client, with the following noble utterance of Judge Payne of Chicago. He says: "I would not attempt to fix a moral standard for you; but I must say that I feel that the first duty of a lawyer is to his own honor and public justice." This points the way to the one great reform needed in America, to put an end to mobs, riots and legalized immorality—a reform in the spirit and method of courts. There never was and never will be a good and sufficient excuse for shielding a scoundrel from the penalties due his crimes.

The meeting of the Western Unitarian Conference next week in the new Third Church on the West Side, Chicago, arouses many inspiring and thrilling memories. For over a generation of human life these meetings have been to a few souls an encouragement and a challenge. They have represented heroic religion, men and women striving to keep their religious thought abreast of the times, and to strike the deep currents of religious feeling. In wishing that this session may be worthy its ancestors, we

can wish it no better thing. We regret to learn that Mr. Savage is not to be present to preach the dedication sermon of the new home of his old parish, but we rejoice to know that Mr. Crothers, of Cambridge, who was not announced, is expected. On Wednesday evening, we understand, in lieu of the printed announcement, there will be a discussion of the inspirations of the Liberal ministry, in which J. S. Thomson, of Unity Church, Chicago, Mary A. Safford, of Sioux City, Ia., and others are to speak.

"He who has fewest wants approaches nearest to God," said Socrates. The message of George Fox, the power of Quakerism lies somewhere in this direction. The simplicity of their lives, their few wants, and their great resources made for the serenity found in the face of Lucretia Mott, the calm that brooded in the heart of Whittier. No wonder that reverence flees the sensuous and vulgar decorations of many an altar. As the pointed arch was elaborated into the endless details of the later perpendicular Gothic work, the intensity of devotion waned, hearts weakened under the over-ornamentation, and in very desperation they resented the whole business and fled back into the severity of the Puritan meeting-house. The Quaker drab indicates the desperation of famished spirits. The stuffiness of many a modern home; the complicated needs, the elaborate wants, the endless anxieties with which the modern boy and girl are surrounded are fetters to their spirit. Underneath this cruel mantle of plenty and luxury we must look long and must dig deep before we find the feeble writhings of a sickened spirit, a starved soul, famished for want of the pure milk drawn from the breast of Nature, the divine simplicity, the heart-to-heart contact with the great out-of-door truths, the infinite immensities, and the eternal stretches of a simple truth and simple love.

Yielding to the exigencies of business, the publisher of this paper withdraws from this number some of the advertising pages. But there is no diminution of our reading space. Hereafter the advertising department will vary in its extent as profitable patronage varies, the publisher believing that the time has come when the columns of THE NEW UNITY have a commercial value, and only such advertising patronage is solicited or will be admitted as conforms to this standard.

Planted by the Master's hand,
Steadfast in thy place to stand
While the ever-changing year
Clothes or strips thy branches bare;
Lending not a leaf to hold
Warmth against the winter's cold.
Lightening not a limb the less
For the summer's sultriness;
Nay, thy burden heavier made,
That within thy bending shade
Thankless multitudes oppressed
There may lay them down and rest.
Soul, upon thy Calvary
Wait; the Christ will come to thee.

—*Father Tabb.*

Editorial Wanderings.

The senior editor rushed from his sanctum after preparing copy for the last NEW UNITY, to catch the train for Cincinnati, where he arrived Tuesday morning, May 3d, and spent the day in conferring with a few of the Cambrian Celts, who were anxious to do something in America to further the movement so well started over a quarter of a century ago in Great Britain by Matthew Arnold, Professor Blackie, Dr. Dowden, and others in the direction of a Celtic revival in academic circles. As a result of such movement, Celtic chairs were established at Oxford, Aberdeen, and we believe in Dublin. John Rhys was the first incumbent at Oxford. He is now at the head of Jesus College, and his books on Celtic and Cambrian subjects are on the shelves of the scholars. Ohio rejoices in many Welsh settlements, and Marietta College is the Alma Mater of more Cambrian Americans than perhaps any other college in the country. The movement is afoot to raise not less than fifty thousand dollars to endow a Cambrian-Celtic chair in this institution, to be occupied by a man who, if possible, is to the "manor born," and to whom the Welsh is still a living language.

It is the further purpose of this movement to gather in the library of this college as rich a collection of books in this language as possible, so that when it ceases to become a spoken language at the firesides of America, it will still be a rich treasure-house to the philologist, ethnologist, and the student of folk-lore. At 6:30 in the evening a hundred guests of the Marietta Alumni Club of Cincinnati sat down to a banquet at the Grand Hotel, most of them loyal Welshmen and true Americans; many of them could still sing in the original "*Hen whad fy nhadau.*" The editor had to hurry in his speech in order to catch the early train for Chicago, and could not enjoy, and consequently cannot report, the enthusiasm of the evening. Dr. Rubinkam, pastor of the University Congregational Church of Chicago, "a Welshman of Holland descent," as he called himself, was our right-hand companion at the table, and he put in his word for poetry as an element in culture and as that which has an enlarging place in this scientific age. Mr. Rubinkam is on the University Extension staff of the Chicago University, and has been giving twin courses of extension lectures under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. of Cincinnati on "The Poetry of Browning and Tennyson." Both the forenoon and afternoon courses have been largely attended, and we are glad to report the success as a hint for other places to go and do likewise. In all this day-work on the part of the women there is a great opportunity to raise the standard of the work and to ally it with the more deliberate and steady culture forces of our country

There were just twenty minutes time to transfer, in Chicago, Wednesday morning, from the Cincinnati train to the Grand Rapids train. By one o'clock we were shaking hands with the radiant-faced Sprague, the always loyal Udell, and many other friends at Grand Rapids. Through the courtesy of Mr. Sprague, and by means of the miraculous telephone, which enabled the editor of THE NEW UNITY in Chicago to hold a conversation with the pastor of All Souls Church at Grand Rapids, the lecture, which was announced for Thursday night, was given Wednesday night, and a large house gathered to hear the lecture on "Jean Francois Millet, the French Peasant Painter," and to see the stereopticon exhibit of the great parables given to the world by this interpreter of the gospel for the poor and the gospel of the poor. Mr. Sprague is an inventive man. It was a bold and successful innovation that made this lecture a paid lecture, thereby securing the funds necessary to carry out the mass-meeting, which the next morning was inaugurated with full attendance and high interest.

We must leave to other hands the report of this interesting and successful meeting, for in the early afternoon the editor was en route to Ithaca on his annual visit to Cornell as college preacher, the time of his arrival being hastened by twenty-four hours so that he might act as one of the judges on the Woodford Prize Contest in Oratory. In 1870 he who has demeaned himself with such dignity and efficiency as Minister to Spain this year, established a gold medal of the value of one hundred dollars to the one presenting the best English oration, count being taken of both matter and manner. On Friday evening the great Armory Hall was filled with an audience of over a thousand people. Five young men appeared in the contest. "Democracy the Goal of Civilization," "Robert E. Lee, the Soldier and the Man," "Spain, Past and Present," "The Spiritual in Man," and "The South and the Negro," were the topics discussed. The last speaker, Charles Holt Mayer, of Missouri, received the unanimous vote of the judges, although it would seem as if the bones of some of the abolitionist founders of the University would rest uneasy in their graves over the sentiments advanced by this young man of the South, but his heart was in his theme and his earnestness compelled the recognition, the decisive vote being given with more confidence because the premises assumed were not congenial, at least to one of the judges.

Saturday evening the same hall was filled with the best audience Ithaca can produce, which is saying much, to listen to the Secretary of the Treasury, Lyman J. Gage, reveal the mysteries and the immensities of that much criticised department. It was reassuring to find that a member of the Cabinet, overshadowed by the great exigencies of war, had a sufficient amount of the serenity that goes with the masterful, to turn aside from his pressing duties to talk to college boys and girls of the far-reaching civic providence represented by the lighthouse, the life-saving station, the marine hospital, the scientific surveys, and many other of the activities carried on under the auspices of the Treasury Department.

Sunday morning the editor preached in Barnes Hall, the beautiful Sage Chapel being in the ruins that precede a reconstruction that will double its seating capacity. In the evening he preached in the Unitarian Church. It was a privilege to greet Mr. and Mrs. Pierce in their new pastorate, and to find so many evidences that Mr. Pierce is the right man in the right place. On the bright and beautiful early morning of Monday the editor was again aboard for Chicago, and twenty-four hours later he is shaping these belated editorial sentences for THE NEW UNITY.

The charm of Cornell still envelops mind and heart with its halo of poetry. The incomparable beauty of the campus, the inspiration of the traditions, though young, yet so fixed in their inspiring quality, for they include such names as Cornell, Sage, McGraw, Sibley, Goldwin Smith, Agassiz, Lowell and George William Curtis. None the less pervasive and persistent are the present personalities of Cornell. The magnificently youthful and efficient President Schurman, the oracular Corson; the persistent refinement and persuasive culture that make up the gentlemen represented by the Tylers, M. C. and C. M.; Professors Burr, Schmidt, Hammond and the many others; and latest, and in some respects most hopeful of them all, the first and new woman professor, Miss Brownell, warden of Sage College in which building is situated the Prophets' Chamber. On the cornerstone of this building is inscribed the fact that the building and endowment are presented to Cornell University on the condition that women shall forever enjoy the same privileges of education as men in the institution.

The lovely chimes that cut the hour into quarters with the music that justifies and creates the ideality that belongs to an institution committed to science and the industrial arts, as a part of the culture which the world calls classic, still echo in our ears.

The stone settee erected on the campus by Goldwin Smith, bears in deeply cut letters the legend, "Above All Nations is Humanity;" a message never more timely than today. Back of the beautiful library building, looking towards the setting sun, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew D. White have erected another stone seat, on the back of which is engraved the following:

> "To those who shall sit here rejoicing,
> To those who shall sit here mourning,
> Sympathy and greeting;
> So have we done in our time.
> 1892."

This fairly represents the atmosphere of cordiality, hospitality, poetry and democracy which pervade Cornell, at least so is it always felt by the

EDITOR OF THE NEW UNITY.

The Ethical Word.

"If thou seekest thyself, thou shalt also find thyself, but to thine own destruction."

"I had rather feel compunction than understand the definition thereof."

"By two things a man is lifted up from things earthly, namely, by single-heartedness and by purity."

"No man securely doth command but he that hath learned readily to obey."

"My hurt has been my instructor, and I wish it may make me more cautious and not more unwise."

"The purer the eye of the intention is, with so much more constancy doth a man pass through every kind of storm."

"Thou camest to serve, not to rule."

"God weigheth more with how much love a man worketh than how much he doeth. He doeth much that loveth much."

"He to whom all things are one, he who reduceth all things to one, and seeketh all things in one, may enjoy a quiet mind."

"It is thy duty to put on the New Man, and to be changed into another person."

Thomas à Kempis.

Just now we are thinking of "tests" for recruits in the army, because one man after another is applying for service in the army and cannot be received. It is a solemn fact; few men are physically normal. And it is astonishing what a number of citizens in our land are not physically up to the standard for becoming soldiers, even when they desire to do so.

But what if there had to be such tests for the mind, for the character, for the soul, in order to be allowed to enter "service." I mean service of every kind in the cause of one's fellow-men. How many could stand the tests? The number of recruits would be few and far between.

"And what would be the severest test," do you ask? I should say it would be to determine how far a man could put himself in the background for the sake of a cause; he to do the work, and let other men have the honors; he push at the wheel, and let others do the talking; he go masked, and let others attract the attention. It comes hard. And yet these are the men who "serve." The board of examination finds them out only when the end comes. They may never be found out at all. They just *serve*.

What are you working for as a reformer? Is it to win converts to a theory, or in order to accomplish positive results in definite good for your fellow-men? It is much easier to talk or work for a pet theory than to put your shoulder to the wheel and do something positive. What is more, there is a subtle form of pride in working for one's theory; so that when a man is doing this, just agitating for an idea, seeking to make converts, he must put himself through a very severe self-scrutiny. If he does not do so the world will do the scrutinizing for him, and will do it with less mercy. It is right to work for a pet theory and to struggle to win converts for it. But search your motives to the core. It is very easy for a man to identify a theory with *himself;* whereas, when we put our shoulder to the wheel to do positive work, the self may have to be in the background. What a world of practical good might be accomplished if all those people who work just to win converts to a pet theory would settle down and *do* something!

A church with a stone front and a brick back! What does it mean? Are we to assume that the people who build it think that the God they worship looks only on the front side? This is an odd bit of anthropomorphism. We get so used to thinking only about the surface and looking at the outside that we come to feel as if the Omnipotent Eye did the same. But is n't it droll, a *church* with the obscure parts built *cheap*, and the money all on the front. What odd freaks there are in our Christianity! Even the pagans would have been ashamed of such make-believe in their architecture.

We undertake to impose on the Almighty, and yet we are furious when we are imposed upon ourselves. We practice the shams in our religion and in our homes, and then are indignant because we get adulterated food, badly made clothing, and poorly constructed houses—because, in fact, we cannot buy anything *genuine*. Mothers practice these shams in the presence of their children; powder their faces, make up pretty speeches, tell white lies, show one surface to the world and another when alone in the family—all this in a naïve sort of a way as if it were the most innocent course imaginable; and then expect *us* to teach the same children honor and integrity in the Sunday school. How in the wide world can character be put into the child in one hour on Sunday, when he sees sham and make-believe all the rest of the week!

Would it not be worth while for the next Mothers' Congress, when it assembles, instead of talking so much about how to deal with children or manage children, to spend a large portion of their time in considering the problem how to deal with themselves as mothers? The moral education of children must begin with the mother, and not with the child. It may be from the mother that the child learns to deceive and equivocate. It is the mother oftentimes who by her conduct breaks up what moral distinctions may be innate in the child, or may have been given him by his teachers. If there is sham in the churches and sham in the homes, how in the wide world are we going to have integrity and character in our commercial, our social, our political institutions!

Why is it, by the way, that people who are strong on one side are always weak on another? A man seems strong *all-round*, until you come to know him well. About the saddest experience that we have to undergo comes in these "allowances" we have to make for the people we know, or for the people we have idealized. Yet sadder still is the fact that those same people also realize that they have to make the same allowances when they think about *us*. This is a point we usually overlook.

It is perplexing—although this may seem a paradox—that in many ways there is less of freedom in this country than among some of the countries of Europe. Have you thought of it? In the last century our forefathers fancied that by giving us political freedom we should be free. And so we are, if we are willing to take the consequences. But we dare not say what we think, we dare not look the way we feel, we dare not place ourselves where we normally belong. Why? It is mainly or largely because of incomes, or salaries, or social position, or what people will say. These are mightier forces than parliaments or kings. A man might be willing to risk his life, but it is another thing to risk his income or his social position. It may be easier to face an army of soldiers than a smile or look of contempt. Of all the uncanny experiences, about the worst is to have people stare at you in uncertainty as to where you belong socially. No political institutions can set the soul free. This has been a sad discovery, and offers new problems for democracy.

It is a positive fact that we do not wish to have people free over here, unless they are on our side. Freedom *as a principle* we do not believe in here in America, and that is where one trouble lies. It takes men or a people a long while to catch up with their own theories. Is there a clergyman in this whole country who would dare to say all that he thought on all questions of the day? If he did, he knows it would mean suicide. He gauges just about how much his congregation will stand, and he may go that far, with the hope of accomplishing something. One step further and his influence is dead; he must retire. Always there are some reforms he must not talk about, and some new ideas he must let alone. If anything he has to say affects the social order, let him take care. I once said that the deity of to-day was property. But no, it is the idea of social order—the establishment. And the "hell" we are afraid of is "what people will say." It is a curious fact that in a democracy where we are most free politically, we are especially weak in the virtue of being able "to stand alone." Why is it?

If there is anything that chafes a refined spirit, anxious to work and influence people, it is a consciousness of the way he is held in check because people are afraid lest he may unsettle the public mind, check the progress of business, or disturb the social equilibrium. Some of our public teachers may not be aware of this restraint. It only means that they have twisted their souls into the proper groove, or submitted to the inevitable quite early in life, until they have grown into the position of being *safe men.* Churches seem to like this class of teachers, the man who will not toy with new ideas, and yet know how to throw a stately dignity over the old as if they were ever new. Such men never unsettle people's minds—never!

What an amount of thinking many of the people in this country do all within themselves! A stranger visiting us would not know what to make of it. We are as cautious almost on certain lines dealing with politics or social order, religion, God or the Bible, as the man over in Russia is in talking about Nihilism. I was speaking with an eminent geologist of this country some time ago, belonging to one of the leading universities of the country, and yet he did not want to commit himself to the doctrine of evolution until he could quite make sure who I was. I *know* that he believed in it. But even our men of science are not free. It would amaze the good trustees of some of our universities if these men of science talked out what they say among themselves.

What is the secret of all this? Are we cowards, are we terrorized? Is it because we are a new country, and have no faith in our establishment? Yet it is a positive fact that at the present time one has to look to England for freedom of thought. Even in Germany the men in the great universities there can speak more boldly than the men in *some* of the great universities in America.

No, we are not a nation of cowards. Our people are willing to risk their *lives;* they are not afraid to die. It is not that.

Is there any sense in the old tradition that a man may restlessly turn in his grave? If so, I wonder what poor Immanuel Kant must have gone through, or what restlessness there must have been in his grave, if, during the last hundred years, he has been conscious every time some one has brought up the word "apperception?" Does he wish he had never used it? If only we could bury some words in the depths of the bottomless sea, so that they might never come to life again! The incubus of a word seems worse at times than the incubus of a fossil. Spare us from *apperception!*

How is it that sometimes we can listen for a whole hour to a paper by a man who is a real scholar, an experienced thinker, and yet at the end of the hour have found that paper all just a tangle of big words! Is it that men cannot think logically, or do not know how to say just what they think, or have not the gift of human speech? No, not quite that. It is owing in part to the fact that they are the slaves of words. If once they forget themselves and suddenly drop into every-day speech, just talk, then in two minutes you can get more than from the whole hour's dissertation. It would seem at times as if the technical language of philosophy was more confusing than the phraseology of every-day life. The development of a special phraseology for each department of knowledge has been an injury as well as a help to human thinking. I wish for a time the philosophers and the teachers would come down to our level and use every-day words. It might be to their advantage as well as ours.

Christianity teaches peace. Yet the nations which have been most fond of war have boasted of themselves as being "Christian" nations; and they claim their superiority over the pagan world by the fact of their Christianity. What shall we say? How is it that people can have a religion, believe in it, call themselves by its name, and, on the other hand, take out just that part of it which pleases them, and then ignore the rest as if it did not exist at all? Is there one Christianity for a citizen and another for the nation?

W. L. S.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to all forms of thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

"Folk Songs."

Those melodies so sweet, that charm our ears,
  Waft to us heart-breaths of a homely folk,—
  The lover's plaint, or wanton harmless joke,
The joys of life and love, of death no fears.
A nation's soul is in a nation's song;
  No further need we look for country's love;
  It breathes that strain, wherever it may rove,
In patriotism chanted loud and long.
Sing on, thou band of true-hearts. Sing alway,
  While Liberty and Right through you do gain
An audience 'gainst the tyranny of kings.
  No songs like yours, that with a homely strain
Defend the hearth and home of him who sings
His Fatherland and Freedom's royal sway.

OLIVER S. BROWN.

Correspondence.

Parker a Presbyterian?

EDITOR THE NEW UNITY:

I thankfully acknowledge your friendly reference to my words in plea for sincerity in the pulpit. I do not wish to claim any peculiar self-righteousness in this or any other direction. I do not want to seem a censorious critic or petty dogmatist. But in your editorial note in the issue of April 28, 1898, you use language that, I trust, slipped unintentionally from your pen. I cannot believe that you really approve what the words actually say.

I refer to this surprising statement: "We rejoice in the claim of these brethren that *Presbyterianism is* big enough and broad enough to include Theodore Parker as well as Paul." I would like to have the Presbyterian Church renounce its Confession, and *publicly* put itself on a platform so broad that followers of Parker could stand upon it. But at present, the Westminster Confession is the supreme and authoritative law and symbol of that church. You rejoice in the claim that the Presbyterian Church *is to-day* big enough to include Parker. But what right has any man to make that claim? The General Assembly has spoken no word to that effect. I know of no representative Presbyterian who makes that claim. Every man who goes into a Presbyterian pulpit has to subscribe that Confession. Can a follower of Parker honestly do that? Is there a Presbytery anywhere that would ordain a man who declared himself openly a disciple of Parker? You would not have a Parkerite go in under disguise, pretending to believe one thing, while really believing another. But that is the only way that he could at present locate there, for the Presbyterian pulpit rests upon the Confession. You refer to that church *as it is*, not as some of us would like to have it. And for a man to remain in a Presbyterian pulpit *after becoming* a Parkerite is as immoral as to go into it under cover and in disguise. That is to violate a sacred compact, to ignore a solemn duty, and to profane his ordination vow. A Parkerite can have no rightful place in a Presbyterian Church until that church authoritatively sets aside its confession and publicly welcomes people with such belief to its pulpits. *This has not been done.* And until it is done, the claim that the Presbyterian Church is big enough to include Parker is untrue. Moreover, such claims are productive of a confusion that is sadly demoralizing.

The Presbyterian Church big enough to include Theodore Parker? It is a church with a great history, but it has not won its greatness by spreading confusion and winking at duplicity! The root of its nobility has not been indifference and dissimulation, but frankness and sincerity. And do we not in this way involve the memory of Theodore Parker in disgrace? He denounced with great vehemence the doctrine of Biblical infallibility: fundamental to the Confession. My dear NEW UNITY, you would not want our beloved Parker, if alive, to ignore himself and stand upon a platform in which he did not believe. I am sure that you do not mean that. If he had done that, who would honor him to-day? He set aside miracles with great force; but the Confession assumes them in all its essential parts, and that Confession is still in force. My dear Mr. Editor, you would not have our honored Parker, if alive, sign that Confession and pretend to believe in miracles. And the Presbyterian Church gives no man a right to treat miracles as outgrown elements of its belief. He condemned the doctrine of sacrificial atonement as untrue and immoral, but it is central in Presbyterian theology, and that theology has not been publicly and authoritatively revised or rejected. You would not have our revered Parker, if alive, march under a flag inscribed with doctrines that he rejected. It is impossible to think for a moment of his doing that. I am certain that you do not mean that, for that would be a disgrace to both Parker and the Presbyterians.

But does some one say, It is a mere question of *emphasis*, and Presbyterians have agreed to consider those matters unimportant and non-essential. But by what authority does any one state that Presbyterians have agreed to consider those doctrines unimportant? They are still in the Confession. I wish they were treated as non-essential, but they are not. The bar is still in place; if I go in, I must submit to the yoke. If it does not mean anything, why keep it there? Who has a right to shift about *emphasis*, and tell me that central doctrines no longer need to be believed? Have I a right to slip out the keystone of "blood-atonement" and substitute "salvation by character," and say that it is the same arch? Have I a right to subscribe to the damnation of the heathen, and then preach universal salvation and say that all this is only a matter of *emphasis?* My moral sense may be very obtuse and my reason very dull, but to me this course seems as immoral as the conduct of a man who should violate parts of a contract and try to justify his action by claiming that he had only exercised his liberty of *emphasis!*

While I differ with the Editor at some points, I know that THE NEW UNITY desires sincerity in the pulpit as much as I do, and I have written these words simply to state the situation as I see it.

Most brotherly yours,

J. H. CROOKER.

Troy, N. Y., May 4, 1898.

What do we live for, if not to make life less difficult for each other? —*George Eliot.*

A Liberal Mass-Meeting at Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Another hopeful sign has been given the workers in the cause of religious unity. Last week there was held in All Souls Church, Grand Rapids, Michigan, a mass-meeting whose sole purpose was to emphasize the things common to the different sects and religions, and to give the ministers and laymen of the various churches the opportunity of grasping the right hand of fellowship. There were present no less than twelve Universalists, seven Unitarians, and three Independent ministers, and two Jewish rabbis, besides a goodly number of lay delegates. The programme showed such names as Revs. Caroline Bartlett-Crane, Leslie W. Sprague, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, E. L. Rexford, J. T. Sunderland, Allen Gould, Rabbi Housman, Prof. W. N. Ferris, and others of equal note.

The session was auspiciously opened on Wednesday night with a lecture on Jean Francois Millet, delivered by Jenkin Lloyd Jones and illustrated with stereopticon slides of the artist's works and home surroundings. The audience was large and enthusiastic. After the lecture the pastor and congregation of All Souls Church tendered their guests a reception, and the warmth and cordiality there manifested set the tone for the entire session.

It would be a difficult task to characterize individually the next six meetings. Each laid stress upon its own line of thought, but each voiced in some way the central idea of the congress—that the things that unite are of greater worth than the things that separate; that the identities of the various forms of religion are of vastly more importance than the differences. The morning gatherings were pre-eminently practical. Such subjects as "The Minister and His Work," "The Sunday School," "Woman's Part in the Church," were discussed with much vigor and ability, and, let it be confessed, with occasional sallies of wit. The afternoon and evening meetings were especially well attended, and were full of inspiration. The last, on Friday evening, was held in the Temple Emanuel, Rabbi Housman acting as host. Thus, in the cordial handclasp of Christian and Jew, was fittingly closed this mass-meeting of workers for the higher things of life.

L. E. T.

The Gate of Life.

The gates of life swing either way
On noiseless hinges night and day.
One enters through the open door,
One leaves us to return no more,
And which is happier, which more blest,
God knoweth best.

We greet with smiles the one who comes
Like sunshine to our hearts and homes,
And reach out longing hands with tears
To him who, in his ripened years,
Goes gladly to his heavenly rest,
God knoweth best.

He guards the gates. We need not dread
The path these little feet must tread,
Nor fear for him who from our sight
Passed through them to the realms of light.
Both in his loving care we rest;
God knoweth best.

Exchange.

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid

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"Who are the Anarchists?"

DELIVERED BY WILLIAM KENT, AT ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, APRIL 3, 1898.

We must start at the beginning. Primitive man was an individualist. He was an anarchist.

Co-operation made his struggle easier, gave him greater security, and he entered on the long, painful road leading to the evolution of the law.

Every step in co-operation limited the freedom of the individual, but increased the comfort and safety of the community.

In the growth of this community spirit, a sense of men's mutual relations was fixed, and a tendency to admit the suggestion of the rights of others was transmitted, an ideal of law and justice was born to grow with the growth of the race.

The means became confused with the end, and conscience came into being, and altruism, so that for the cause of the race the individual sacrificed himself without hesitation.

The law of the "survival of the fittest" passed from its simpler application to the individual, and now worked out its decree upon groups of men, unsparingly demanding of each individual, discipline and self-restraint and loyalty to the community.

And thus has the race progressed, always away from the isolation of the individual, always toward ever-broadening alliances of men; away from anarchy, toward socialism.

The expounder of philosophic anarchism, Proudhon, but carries the scheme along until such time as men, by the growth of the social conscience, may be trusted to dwell together unhampered by statutory laws of others' contrivance. His plan will work in that millennium between which and our present struggling humanity there are the dreary limitless reaches of uncounted years.

As we look back to recorded history or legend, we are apt first to consider that marvelous panorama of character sketches unrolled before us in the Hebrew Scriptures. Yes, and there was an anarchist, who slew his brother and asked his God, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Why are we horrified at that murder? Any being other than a man, equally inoffensive, that had been heedlessly swept out of existence all those thousands of years ago, would never have sent the accursed name of Cain down through the ages. He had killed a man, he had killed his own brother, he had sinned against the survival of the community, of his own race; men cried out against anarchy, and men's God condemned him.

Then came the written law, formulate, definite, of which those same Scriptures possess such a wonderful example of concise completeness, and the corporate conscience was given enduring form. At first applying only to those near at hand, afterward covering in the broadening circles more and more of the race.

Such was the growth of the law, such the progress away from uncurbed individualism and toward what we may term socialism.

And the law that thus grew up through the centuries of struggle, that worked down through the jurisprudence of Rome, and burst into flower in what we know as the English Common Law—that law has been well described as "common sense." It demands allegiance to the community, equity between individuals, and under its rule there is no standing ground for anarchy, which is lawless individualism, no place for anarchism, which is a dream of the millennium.

It is strange that we have so far forgotten the meaning of the word as to only associate anarchy with violence, bloodshed, and impossible social schemes. Here in Chicago we couple it with the names of a few poor victims of disordered thought, demons to some, martyrs to others. They boldly, bravely defied the law, and the community crushed them in calmness and without malice, for its own preservation, and the law lived on, stronger and more respected from the contest.

But anarchy is lawlessness, lack of government, each and every corroding influence that loosens the bond between men, that breaks down the force of that law that is sense and is equity.

There can be positive legislation that is as anarchistic as law-breaking; officers of the law can more effectively "throttle the law" than the poor wretches with dynamite.

For, though we hold that good citizenship consists in obedience to the law and respect for it and its administrators, we know that, as a correlative, the law must be reasonable and must appeal to the average conscience, and the administrators must deserve respect.

If any object to such an excursion into the relative, I can only submit that this is a fact and not an opinion.

If through all the history of the world we find that certain laws, that are not contrary to conscience, but merely do not appeal with sufficient strength to conscience, are broken by otherwise excellent citizens; if we find the battle fought out against all odds, life and limb risked and everything jeopardized, and this to violate the country's enactments, I believe we must consider the question demonstrated. I refer you to the history of poaching and smuggling from the beginning of human records.

You will find another phase if you consider the attempted enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law, which duly and properly passed by Congress, held constitutional by the highest and most revered of judicial tribunals, was indignantly broken and openly violated by the best citizens of the nation, because, in its last analysis, it was diametrically opposed to the basic principles of civilized manhood.

We find that the minds of men have justified many a revolt against abuses of government. Success is called Revolution, failure Rebellion.

The whole matter of citizenship resolves itself back into the evolved condition of the average conscience of the community. Strong is the tendency to enforce laws that under that censorship are deemed equity and sense. Stronger still the tendency to rebel against those that do not meet that standard.

The common law, which has grown up and been sifted out through countless generations of many peoples, is practically the embodied conscience of the civilized world.

The statutory laws that for various reasons find themselves upon the books, are but tentative and unsure. If just and reasonable, they give their essence to the growth of the common law.

Let us sum up the propositions thus far advanced:

First, that anarchy is a state away from which we have evolved.

Second, that co-operation, community spirit, or socialism in its broad sense, is our tendency.

Third, that the only law men will obey and respect must comport with the average conscience.

So much by way of introduction.

Now, let us look at our surroundings.

We have conquered a continent, we have hewn great states out of the forest, the sod of the prairies has rotted into mellow corn land. From the patient hills we have gouged the metals in countless tons. We have grown the richest nation that the world has ever known, and that by enriching the world, and not by its pillage.

With nations, as with men, the rich may grow richer and the poor grow richer as well.

Permanent prosperity must be joint and general prosperity.

Through joint and mutual labor we have reached great wealth as a nation. That ought to mean great average comfort and well-being, and a continuing tendency toward average betterment.

The "survival of the fittest," Nature's unalterable decree, demands such a tendency, at the pain of our destruction as a nation if not followed out. That we are working along this line I believe, but I know, as every one else knows, that there are powerful influences at work to thwart this progress.

This destructive tendency has been recently named "Commercialism." It is the child of greed, twin brother of dishonesty. It sets up wealth as the measure and the standard of success, as the end toward the attainment of which all means are justified.

It owes its dominance in our midst to several causes: First, to the ease with which individual fortunes have been acquired, in many cases honorably; and, second, to the great corporate aggregations of wealth which are so recent as to have escaped for the time from an adequate ethical code.

The sudden acquisition of fortunes has excited envy and an absorbing, unhealthy ambition to reach the same level at any cost in those things that make life worth while—friendship, good repute, the sacred ties of family life, and the deep, underlying essential, self-respect.

The corporation is often regarded as impersonal —"no body to kick, no soul to damn." By its board of directors, which has its "duty to its stockholders," its president may be commanded, or may pretend to be commanded, to do or to connive at all sorts of discreditable things. He, in turn, ordered by his directors, who are doing the alleged will of the stockholders, issues his ukase to some poor subordinate, with the injunction "to keep out of jail."

That this shirking, impersonal system is not called for or necessary is shown by the corporate management of the trusted and reputable banks of any community, which compare favorably in busi-

ness integrity with any set or group of individual business men.

To those who are not familiar with what "commercialism" can do, and is willing to do, I would refer you to Mr. Henry D. Lloyd's story of the Standard Oil Company in his "Wealth and Commonwealth." His statements are of fact, and have never been refuted.

This spirit of "commercialism" is steadily striving to divert from the average man his share in the added comfort of the community, and to allot that share to those who, by strength of previous possession, become the beneficiaries of the destructive diversion.

Such wrong to the community is a revolt against nature's law; it is Cosmic anarchy. It is opposed to the conscience of the average man. It is Racial anarchy. Its means are such as to make it indictable under the criminal code. It is Statutory anarchy.

To go more deeply into detail, let us consider some typical examples near at hand.

It is now granted by the consensus of the average conscience, and sanctioned by law, that the public streets of a city belong to the community. It is admitted by traction companies, either openly or by extraordinary dividends or excessive stock issues, that, at present rates of fare, the right to use the streets for hauling passengers, where the population is dense, is extremely valuable. The corollary is, that the community, if permitting the present rates of fare and private use of its streets for gain, should receive a rental return of such an amount as would allow but reasonable earnings on an honest capitalization under reputable management. Also, that the community thus assuming the *rôle* of landlord should protect its tenant against competition and against blackmail by its chosen representatives.

But let us consider the recent history of one corporation of this sort.

We find that, when dividing among its stockholders from thirty to forty per cent per annum, cheerfully and with no thought of paying rent for the streets, it fell into the hands of the Philistines.

A construction company was formed, which built extensions and laid cables at an admitted profit of twenty per cent, where no risk was involved. The inside ring issued securities *ad libitum*. It purchased control of other roads, and getting the original company to guarantee the interest, it dumped them at a profit. On one occasion the Stock Exchange was tartly refused any statement of the quantity of so-called securities on the market, for which the trading and investing public looked to it for an official guarantee of the amounts issued.

By the process of "watering," the dividend rate was cut to most seemly and most modest proportions, and then investors, "innocent purchasers," among whom were "widows and orphans," needed protection.

The community began to wake to the value of its property, began to hint that it did not seem represented in the earnings derived from the use thereof. As known by all men, and openly confessed by the chief beneficiary, the aldermen were bought up and more streets secured. But the people began to take an interest in their aldermen and their own rights in the premises. A complaisant candidate for governor was therefore nominated, and a scandalous legislative ticket, and, under the excitement of a great national issue, they went into office.

Then did the beneficiary betake himself to the state capitol, and bitter were his words against the blackmailers of the city council, whom he, innocent, had been forced to buy. The plan was perfected to crowd through a bill giving the traction companies franchises for fifty years, with five-cent fares. There was thrown in as a sop an absurdly small percentage of compensation, such as even an indefinitely watered company could afford to pay without reorganization.

Public indignation defeated this bill, and another far less noxious was passed, so that even now the people, through their aldermen, can exact what is just and fair from this and other companies, or can, within twenty years, throw them off the streets and do business with people possessing a sense of equity.

The history of the gas trust is much the same.

Its last move has been to obtain practically a monopoly right to the use of the streets for piping. A public, driven desperate by street-destroying corporations, organized to blackmail the original offender, did not revolt with sufficient vigor to prevent this.

On an investment of a very few millions they are now paying interest and large dividends on over fifty million dollars. Neither the city as a corporation, the community as a whole, nor the individual citizen gets cheap gas, nor any perceptible proportion of these enormous community-created benefits.

The council has been admittedly purchased.

In the opinion of all men except the governor, the legislature was purchased.

Out of the base clay of a pothouse politician a chief of a great state was created by commercialism, for commercialism to rob the community.

The springs of legislation were poisoned. The law, beneath suspicion on account of its source, was made more contemptible by the signature of the executive. Who are the anarchists?

Take a great industrial corporation. Other problems present themselves. One that I call to mind employs several thousand men. Its shares have been sold broadcast. Enough are controlled by the inside ring to hold the management safely in power, because of the impossibility of united action on the part of the scattered majority holders.

The insiders have admittedly purchased franchise rights which they have unloaded on the company at an immense profit. It is said that the ring receives rebates on every car of goods shipped or received. Their reputations certainly warrant the suspicion.

If these things are true, the stockholders are being robbed, the public has been robbed, and the employes, who have bought homes in the neighborhood, are, with their families, at the mercy of criminal mismanagement.

Again we ask, who are the anarchists?

We have a system of taxation. Under present conditions (happily to be changed by a new law) the supposition that men would be honest in paying and collecting has been so wide of the truth as to bring us to desperation.

"Equal taxes on a fair cash value" reads to law, but the fair cash value, now on this real property, now on that, has been corruptly lowered until the

only means of equalizing on the basis of justice would be to levy, at present rates, on one-tenth of a fair cash value.

To meet this surprising and unequal reduction of valuation, the rate has been steadily advanced until it is about ten per cent. The law permits, then, ten per cent on a fair cash value if the assessor see fit to ask it.

One of the best of our lawyers publicly declared that in the courts there was no redress, leaving his clients to choose whether they would or would not settle with the assessor.

Personal property has coyly disappeared. Can any situation be worse than that? A choice between confiscation of property, perjury, or corruption of a public official.

How tame and quiet is the anarchy of the dynamite bomb in the presence of the men who have brought this situation upon us, and in the presence of the assessors who have grown rich by its possibilities.

We cannot consider the law without considering those who practice the law, those who are supposed to bring out the facts and the arguments from the facts, when differences are involved, and to give opportunity to judge and jury to deal out justice. The solemn oath of admission to the bar gives added dignity to this noble profession.

The lawyer is the substitute for the sword. He represents a high state of social evolution; he will be needed until the near time of that millennium, of truly good individualism, which, I fear, man in the form we know will never reach.

While the legal profession has done more than any other profession toward working out the problem of justice and of equity, and while in our community the ideals and the citizenship of the bar show a high average, still among its members are to be found some of the chief offenders against the law they are sworn to support.

Every practitioner, every man of experience, knows of lawyers who will stop at nothing when winning their cause is involved. Some of them practice blackmail, and do not hesitate at subornation of perjury or forgery. Some of them practically advertise themselves as jury-fixers. Some claim great "pull" and personal influence with certain judges.

A few of these men are successful, if large fees, newspaper advertising and many clients typify success. The practice of law does not degrade them; the spirit of commercialism is responsible.

The practice of law ennobles the honest man, while it merely permits the debasement of the greedy, the smart, the crooked man.

And then think of the judges that are influenced by "pull," fortunately few in number, and the justices of the peace, often the cheapest of politicians.

Why get excited over talk of "throttling the law" by some poor imbecile, who thinks he thinks, or by some unfortunate who is drunk, or perhaps by some honest man driven desperate by hunger or by real or fancied wrongs? Why take such people seriously as anarchists on their own wild talk, when sources of statutory law are defiled by dishonest legislators, when some administrators of the law are corrupt, when part of the bench is open to suspicion and the bar contains jury-bribers?

The story of its location proves the gas-pipe beneath the pavement more anarchistic than that of the Haymarket bomb. The Elevated Loop represents more anarchy than the one at the end of a mob's rope.

The council proceedings are often worse anarchist literature than the drivel of the cowardly Most.

Perhaps now we recognize the "dangerous classes," the influences that work against the upbuilding of the state, that degrade individual conscience, that undermine the law, that "throttle the law."

In every man there is a centripetal force working toward individualism. The mere consciousness of personality and of manly independence may tend in this direction unless neutralized and overcome by the sense of duty, which is the foundation of the law. But we must not lose our sense of proportion because we admit the relative into our thought.

I have enumerated some of the worst of the anarchists, and the tendency of "commercialism," which is anarchy simple.

We must look for danger in places where power sits, not among the feeble. If we find it there, we may well be afraid.

Not the isolated radical who hurls his little inkpot at the temple of the law is the element of destruction, but the man who undermines the foundation, he is the anarchist.

Unscrupulous men of finance.

Purchasers of legislation.

Barterers of public rights.

Perverters of law and justice.

These are the anarchists, and we do not seek them in the purlieus of "Little Hell" or "Goose Island." The self-styled revolutionary anarchists have not the might, even if they have the intent, to "throttle the law."

I would not leave the impression of pessimism, for I believe the tide has turned; but the first essential step in reform is to know the truth. Too long has the "Cain" of commercialism and *Laissez faire* cried out, "Am I my brother's keeper," and the cry gone almost unchallenged by those possessed of the comforts of the world. "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

History brings us good tidings of encouragement. England to-day is a hopeful example of what our justice-loving race can do in redeeming itself. A hundred years ago her situation was vastly worse than ours at present. To-day she shows the most honest popular government among the great nations.

Although far from perfect, suffering from many of the financial dangers to which we are subject, with the same great social problems to solve, the career of that nation is enough to encourage us as to the possibility of improvement in a commercial people, toward a policy of honest administration.

Our battles must be patiently fought out at the polls. Honest statutory laws must be honestly inscribed on the books. Conscience must carry equity and personal responsibility forward into the new problems of modern life.

Corporations must be considered as human in the responsible persons of stockholders, directors and officers.

The sense of justice, of duty, the conscience of the people—these are the cohesive powers that must hold men together.

There will be no revolution of blood, even if things

go to the worse, simply because honest men will not stand behind the bayonets of commercialism, and the vast majority are honest if they only think awhile.

That tremendous loss, waste and suffering would come if our trend were not upward, cannot be gainsaid. But the people are crying out for fairness, for justice, for law that they may respect, and with an increase of honesty and a decrease of greed, we will work out our salvation.

Let us not worry over names or schools of thought. Selfishness is anarchy. Dishonesty is anarchy. The philosophy of equity and co-operation, under any name, is our ultimate goal.

The Sunday School.

The Religions of the World.

SATURDAY EVENING TALKS BY THE PASTOR OF ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO. REPORTED BY E. H. W.

XX.—Buddhism. Its Scriptures and Doctrines.

The Buddhists have nothing that corresponds exactly to our sacred Scriptures. The Jewish, Christian and Mohammedan religions may all be called Bible religions, deriving their authority from the text. "How readest thou?" is the all-important question. The believers in these systems regard their Bibles not as man-made, but as God-given, while the devotees of other religions look upon their Scriptures as the words of their heroes passed down through the memories of men.

The writing which comes the nearest to being the Bible of the Buddhists is called the Tripitaka. The word has the picturesque meaning of "the three baskets." Before the days of wheels and wagons the basket was a more essential article than it is at present, and played a larger part in the world's industries. This suggests a curious sight which I saw on the Mediterranean. When our ship put in at the Bay of Naples, instead of steam scuttles for hoisting and lowering the coal, we saw a long line of Italians who handed the coal along from one to another in baskets, while another line handed the empty baskets back. This is the figure of the Tripitaka—the three baskets that have handed down the truth.

According to Rhys Davids, the Tripitaka contains about three times as much matter as our Old and New Testaments together. The part considered most sacred by the Buddhists is the Dhammapada. This is believed to contain the teachings of Buddha in their purest form.

Any study which we may make here of the doctrines of Buddhism must, in the nature of things, be extremely inadequate and unsatisfactory. In the beginning, Buddhism was not a philosophy, but an ethical culture society, and the gist of it all was helpfulness. The complicated mass of doctrines and ceremonies now known as Buddhism has grown up long since the death of Buddha. In any attempt to comprehend Buddhism as it is now, we are absolutely at the mercy of its vastness. It is as if Dharmapala had gone into a Catholic church at Easter time and had gone home to India and told of the impressive ceremonies, of the altar and the candles, the robes and the pageants. He might have said: This is Christianity, for I have seen it. Yet he would have had but a very superficial view of a section of Christianity. Or if he had gone into a Methodist or a Unitarian Church and said, This or this is Christianity, he would have been equally at fault concerning the many systems of theology and ethics which we call Christianity to-day.

There are two words which we hear so often in connection with the philosophy of India that they call for some attention here—the words Karma and Nirvana. They come to us so enveloped in mystery, so swaddled in oriental imagery, that it is difficult for the western mind to grasp them. I understand by Karma the whole deposit, the output, the accumulated capital of life. It is, if I understand it, what George Eliot means when she says, "The reward of doing a good deed is the added power to do another." The western word is character, not character with an adjective, not a good character or a bad character, but character—that which distinguishes, that which makes you you, that which abides when everything else is gone. It is the only reward and the only retribution in the universe. It is the kingdom of God within you.

Nirvana is now more than Karma, a word that is characteristic of Buddhism. It would probably be true to say that the doctrine of Nirvana was allowed by Buddha and developed by the later Buddhists. Buddha found it, and did not contradict it. He simply let it alone. It was his to deal with the present practical problems of living. He troubled himself not with questions about a future existence, but with the problem how to become worthy of existence here and now.

Nirvana has by many been assumed to mean annihilation. Perhaps the strongest refutation of that view is the intrinsic improbability of the acceptance of such a doctrine by two-thirds of the human race. By other and worthy exponents of Hindoo thought it is said to mean an absorption which is loss of selfishness, and with selfishness, self-consciousness; an attunement with the universe that causes one to lose the sense of discord, a losing of one's self as far as all personal anxieties are concerned, as the raindrop is lost when it finds the river, as the river is lost when it finds the sea, a losing one's self to find one's self in the great sea of being; not a state in time, but a condition of mind, the farthest removal from the grossly self-solicitous condition that makes hell a place of everlasting misery, or heaven the piping up of one's own voice.

There is a story told of a monk who feared immortality because he thought it would be monotonous to hear even the angels sing forever. Meditating thus, he went out and wandered through the woods. He heard a little bird singing, and he sat down at the foot of a tree to listen. After a little while, as he thought, the little bird's song came to an end. He rose and returned, and lo! everything was changed. The little trees were grown to great ones, and his old friends were gone. When he spoke, no one knew him, and when he asked an explanation, people thought he was demented. But when he told them his name, they remembered a tradition of a father of that name who generations ago had wandered away and had never come back. The long time had seemed so short because his self-consciousness had been at rest and forgotten.

The Study Table.

Principles of English Grammar.*

This seems to us an admirable grammar, not only for the use of schools, but for the use of many persons who have long since "finished their education." It would be a useful adjunct to the desk of every member of Congress and the President's, or would, were it not that, in pursuance of its rule to make the usage of educated persons its test, it goes so far as to concede the split infinitive, and this, we must confess, seems going too far in the way of liberality. We should have been glad if Professor Carpenter had reprehended this vice of language as he does the interchange of "shall" and "will" for which President McKinley, following here, as in the Cuban business, in the footsteps of his predecessor, has an unhappy predilection. But Professor Carpenter's "Grammar," as a whole, is admirably done. The various definitions and distinctions are made with perfect clearness, and the illustrations are all that they should be. It is hard to conceive that with this book grammar should be a dull study, or that it should leave the student in such a chaotic state of English as is too frequently that of the average man or woman, and even that of many to whom language is the material in which they work.

J. W. C.

On the table lies a thoroughly delicious book, and at the same time instructive, from the publishing house of Way & Williams. It is the work of Mr. Reuben Gold Thwaites, who is editing "The Jesuit Relations," while acting as Secretary of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. This is the story of an historical pilgrimage of a thousand miles, from Redstone to Cairo. This was an effort to get rid of civilization, and go back as nearly as possible to the point of view and the craft of the pioneer of a hundred years ago. The pilgrims traveled in a skiff, instead of a steamboat, and camped out at night in primitive fashion. It was a model outing, exhilarating, health-giving, and brain-inspiring. "The Log of the Pilgrim" seeks faintly to outline our experiences; but no words can adequately describe the wooded hill-slopes which, day by day, girt us in; the romantic ravines which corrugate the rim of the Ohio's basin; the beautiful islands which stud the glistening tide; the great affluents which, winding down for a thousand miles from the Blue Ridge, the Cumberland, and from the Great Smoky, pour their floods into the central stream; the giant trees —sycamores, pawpaws, cork-elms, catalpas, walnuts, and what not—which everywhere are in view in this woodland world; the strange and lovely flowers we saw; the curious people we met, and the various dialects which caught our ears; the details of our charming gypsy life, ashore and afloat, during which we were conscious of the red blood tingling through our veins, and, alert to the whisperings of nature, were careless of the work-a-day world so far away —simply glad to be alive. Not only is the story delightfully told, but there is appended an historical outline of the settlement of the Ohio valley. This is one of the few books that I shall crawl into a corner with, and read every word of.

Those who are accustomed to read and admire the *Monist* will find the April number of extraordinary interest. I am hardly able to say which most I admire, the article on "Evolution and Ethics," by Prof. John Dewey; that on "Lebenlust," by Doctor Woods Hutchinson, or that on "Regressive Phenomena in Evolution," by Prof. Cesare Lombroso.

E. P. P.

Christianity and Idealism.*

The idealism of our author is that of Plato, which teaches that the first principle of all things is reason, and thus it is through reason, rather than through perception, that man knows that principle. This is, obviously, diametrically opposed alike to agnosticism, scepticism, and sensationalism. In the defense and illustration of this position, Dr. Watson gives us a solid bit of reasoning, with few, if any, concessions to intellectual weakness or weariness. Only once, in his evident delight in annihilating Mr. Kidd, does he permit the man to emerge from behind the thinker.

In the first part of the work, the author contrasts the ideals of Christianity with those of the Greeks and the Jews. One wonders whether Jesus were so philosophical in His teachings as might be inferred from this account. But no one can deny that faith was central with Him, and, while some would regard faith as meaning to Jesus primarily a loving trust, our author sees in it "that openness to light which is a pure form of reason; it is, in fact, reason in its purest form." In the second part, idealism is brought into relations with modern teachings in science and philosophy.

For many readers the theological teachings of the work are likely to be the most interesting. The author states in the preface that it is his purpose in this work to "disengage Christianity from elements which for historical reasons have come to be regarded as inseparable from it, though they are in reality antagonistic to its spirit." He speaks of the expiatory sacrifice of Christ as a "highly artificial doctrine," and sees in the incarnation (spelled without the capital) simply the fact that "it is the very nature of God to communicate Himself to finite beings." The sin of Adam grows out of a conception of God pagan in its origin, and the doctrine of the fall "explains nothing, is self-contradictory, and is out of harmony with all that we know of primitive man."

The publication of such a work is one among many indications of rapid advance in liberal theology. It is strong, thorough, and rational. Not the least charm of the book is the excellence of its print and paper, which aid the reader by relieving the eye of all effort. While primarily meant for those trained in philosophical thought, its careful reading can hardly fail to be both interesting and profitable to those who follow such speculations at a respectful distance.

W. I. L.

*Principles of English Grammar for the Use of Schools.—By G. R. Carpenter, Professor of Rhetoric and English Composition in Columbia University. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1898.

*Christianity and Idealism.—By John Watson, LL.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in Queen's University, Kingston, Canada. New York: The Macmillan Co. Pp. 292. Price, $1.75.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—It may be dark as pitch in the world of speculative thought; but religion discerns the morning star.
MON.—Discipleship is simply that alertness and receptivity which hears the knocking and welcomes the Spirit.
TUES.—The world needs a new accession of rational piety, or what the apostle calls "reasonable service."
WED.—Life is a trust from God to be used in His service.
THURS.—One of the most serious moments of life is when a man discovers that he is merely an average man.
FRI.—The insignificant service becomes full of dignity and importance when it is accepted as a post of honor and trust.
SAT.—There is not a more inspiring sight in life than to see a man start with ordinary capacity, and to see his power grow out of his consecration.

—*Francis G. Peabody.*

Passed By.

"I've borne so much already,"
A little flow'ret moans;
"So oft rough hands have pelted
My head with sand and stones!

"Oft, too, have footsteps heavy
Caused me such anguish keen,
It seemed for long, long hours
Destroyed my life had been!

"But when, your way pursuing,
You calmly passed me by,
All pain that I have suffered,
The pangs you dealt outvie!"

—*Johanna Ambrosius.*

Anecdotes About Edison.

Mr. Edison is a very small eater and a great smoker. It is said that he eats only that he may smoke afterward. Once, when he had been working night and day for a long period, and had gone for several nights without sleep, he threw himself down on a cot in the room where he had been working, at five o'clock in the morning, with instructions that he be called at nine for breakfast. One of his associates had arranged to have his breakfast served at about the same time, and had just finished, when Mr. Edison's meal was brought in. Mr. Edison was called and sat down at the table with his breakfast before him. He, however, fell asleep in his chair before beginning to eat. The friend who had just eaten breakfast substituted what was left of his meal for Mr. Edison's untouched breakfast and awaited developments. In a few moments Mr. Edison woke up, and seeing the remains of a breakfast before him, at once pushed back his chair, took out a cigar and prepared to light it as the finish of his meal. When he was told what had been done, he laughed with fine show of hearty enjoyment, and said: "Well, that is one on me!" He then proceeded to eat his breakfast, and afterward lighted and smoked his cigar. He is as small a sleeper as he is an eater, but when he sleeps he does that and nothing else. He never dreams and is never restless, getting more rest from two hours' sleep than most men do from six. A short time ago, when working night and day on some experiment, he went to bed at half-past five in the morning and was up again at seven. At breakfast some one asked him how he felt. "O, I feel very well," he said, "but I'd feel much better if I hadn't overslept myself a half hour." The spirit of fun never leaves him. He conducts a great many of his chemical experiments in open-mouthed tumblers—ordinary kitchen tumblers. On one occasion, when he had used over four hundred tumblers in an experiment which had proved a complete failure, one of the assistants said: "Well, Mr. Edison, what shall we do next?" Mr. Edison scratched his head for a moment, and then looking at the array of glasses he said, slowly: "Well, I think the first thing to do is to get some more tumblers."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Docility and Faithfulness of Horses.

An Eastern traveler relates that the Arab horse seems to know when he is about to be sold, or when his master is bargaining for him. He becomes restless, gives a side glance from his beautiful eye to the bargainers, and shows his discontent by scraping the ground with his foot; neither the buyer nor any one else then dare come near him. But when the bargain is concluded, and the old master delivers the halter, with a slice of bread and some salt, to the new owner, and then turns and walks away, the horse immediately becomes tractable, and in a short time seems to transfer his regard to the one who is henceforth to be his companion and friend.

Professor Kruger, of Halle, says: "A friend of mine who was riding home one dark night through a wood, struck his head against the branch of a tree and fell from his horse, stunned by the blow. The horse immediately returned to the house they had left, a mile distant. Finding the door closed, he pawed upon it with his hoof until the inmates were aroused, and when the door opened he turned and seemed to beckon them to follow. This they did, and the master was found and saved."—*Glimpses of the Animate World.*

At Bedtime.

When my goodnights and prayers are said,
And I am warm tucked up in bed,
I know my guardian angel stands
And holds my head between his hands.

I cannot see his gown of light,
Because I keep my eyes shut tight;
For if I open them I know
My pretty angel has to go.

But while my eyes are shut I hear
His white wings rustling very near;
I know it is his darling wings,
Not mother folding up my things.

—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Too Big for a Button-hole.

The largest flower in the world is the *Rafflesia Arnoldi*, of Sumatra. Its size is fully three feet in diameter—about the size of a carriage-wheel. The five petals of this immense flower are oval and creamy white, growing round a center filled with countless long, violet-hued stamens. The flower weighs about fifteen pounds, and is capable of containing nearly two gallons of water. The buds are like gigantic, brown cabbage-heads.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

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The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion."

Uncle Henry's Prescription.

Ain't no use o' frettin'
'Bout the weather, friends;
Got to take whatever
The kind Creator sends,
What if clouds do gather,
And the cold winds blow?
Can't have just fair weather
All the time, you know.
But there's one thing certain,
If your stomach's right,
You can make the darkest
Day seem nice 'n' bright.

Git up in the mornin',
Hustle 'round a bit;
Show 'em there's some ginger
In your system yit.
Sing 'n' dance 'n' whistle,
Startle all creation—
Anything to git your
Blood in circulation—
Make somebody happy—
Lordy, that's the way
Any one can brighten
Up the darkest day!

—*Cleveland Leader.*

The World Moves.

Forty years ago, in old conservative Vermont, denominational line fences were well kept up and well guarded to make it safe and sure that no one could enter the fold unless they were in possession of the right creed trade-mark. There was no religious affiliation or pulpit exchanges between ministers of the three orthodox denominations, Congregationalist, Baptist, and Methodist. The evangelical estimate of Unitarians, Universalists, and Second Advents was that they were outside of all religious respectability. Bigotry and sectarian narrowness were not confined to the orthodox churches at that time, for some of the Unitarian and Universalist ministers were keeping watch for a chance to disfellowship all ministers whom they thought were guilty of heresy. One Universalist minister in Vermont was strongly criticised by some of his brother ministers because he had hanging in his parlor a life-size portrait of Theodore Parker. The religious world has made wonderful progress during the last forty years; and to-day heresy-hunters are few and very unpopular. A few years ago, in some of the strongest orthodox towns in Vermont, the advance thought towards greater religious freedom, toleration, and unity had reached a point when union services began to be held at certain seasons, and all clergymen and their parishes were invited. Recently a young man, Rev. George Elliot Cooley, was ordained and settled over St. Paul's Universalist Church in the city of Rutland, Vt. Rev. Dr. George W. Phillips, of the Congregational Church, accepted an invitation and took part in the service. Such a thing could not have occurred in Vermont, even fifteen years ago. We are all children of the great human family, and one Heavenly Father rules over all. Let the good work go on until there shall be but *one* fold and *one* shepherd and *one* spirit of "unity forever."

NEWMAN WEEKS.

Rutland, Vt.

ANTIOCH COLLEGE.—The following will explain itself. Dr. Hoagland was the "friend in need that was a friend indeed" to poor Antioch. It has always needed friends and still needs them, and we trust will find them in the future as in the past. Something must transpire some day to bring to maturity the seed sown in faith.

Yellow Springs, Ohio, April 26, 1898.

In the death of Dr. C. N. Hoagland, of Brooklyn, N. Y., we, the faculty and students of Antioch College, realize that we have indeed lost a true friend and benefactor, and honored trustee of this institution, who has been a means of helping us here and making the college more efficient.

Resolved That we tender our sympathies to the bereaved family and friends, and that a copy of this report be placed on the minutes of the faculty, published in the *Antiochian*, and the *Yellow Springs Review*, and sent to the family of the deceased.

Children's Food.

"Many children at school," said a student of children, "appear to be stupid when they are only badly nourished. They may have plenty to eat without a sufficient amount of nourishment. Study will not hurt a healthy child. Good, hard thinking helps the circulation of the blood."

It might be added that the lack of nourishment is owing to ill-advised selection of food. Fruit, eggs, some meat, and good entire wheat bread with butter, all furnish excellent food for children.

Never, under any circumstances, should they be allowed to have coffee. All narcotics, like cigarettes, or tobacco in any form, coffee, opium products, or any of that class of drugs, will most sadly scar the whole life of a growing child. Those who seek to assist the little ones to grow up strong and healthy men and women will look carefully after their food and drink.

It is unfortunately true that some parents are careless and ignorant on this subject, and the innocent children grow up weak in body and brain, easily knocked over by most any disease that comes along. Children like a warm nourishing drink for breakfast, and almost universally like Postum Food Coffee, upon which they fatten and flourish famously. Parents should see that it be boiled full 15 minutes after boiling commences. It is not sufficient that it has stood on the stove 15 minutes—it must boil that length of time.

The long boiling is necessary to bring out the delicious flavor and the nutritious food elements.

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